



I. S. TURGENEV

MUMU



М. Салтыков-Шchedrin

"Turgenev was a man of high intelligence and deep convictions, and always upheld the ideals of humanity. He introduced these ideals into Russian life with a deliberate consistency that constitutes his principal and invaluable services to Russian society. In this respect he is the direct successor to Pushkin. . . ."

M. SALTYKOV-SHCHEDRIN





И.С.ТУРГЕНЕВ

МУМУ



**ИЗДАТЕЛЬСТВО
ЛИТЕРАТУРЫ
НА ИНОСТРАННЫХ
ЯЗЫКАХ**

МОСКВА



I. S. TURGENEV

MUMU



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M O S C O W

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN

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In a street on the outskirts of Moscow, in a grey house with white pillars, a mezzanine floor, and a lopsided balcony, there lived, in the midst of innumerable house-serfs, a widow lady. Her sons were in Petersburg, in Government service, and her daughters were married;

she hardly ever went anywhere and spent her miserly, tedious old age in solitude. Her grim, joyless day was long past; and the evening of her day was darker than night.

The most remarkable person in her whole household was the yardman Gerasim, a man over six feet tall, with the frame of a giant, but deaf-and-dumb from birth. His mistress had brought him from the country where he lived by himself in a small hut, apart from his brothers, and was considered almost the best-behaved peasant in the village. Endowed with extraordinary strength, he did the work of four, and everything he set his hand to succeeded. It was a pleasure to watch him ploughing, his great fists bearing down the handle of the plough, so that it looked as if he was furrowing the springy soil without the aid of the horse, or, on St. Peter's Day, brandishing his scythe so powerfully that you would think he could

slice a copse of young birch-trees from their roots, or rapidly and rhythmically wielding a great flail over the threshing floor, the long, hard muscles of his shoulders rising and falling with a lever-like action. The dead silence in which he worked gave solemn significance to his unwearying labours. He was a fine fellow, and but for his affliction any girl would have been glad to marry him. . . . But they carried Gerasim off to Moscow, bought him a pair of high boots, had a coat made for him for the summer and a sheepskin for the winter, put a broom and a spade into his hands, and made him a yardman.

At first he found his new life very irksome. He had been accustomed from his earliest days to work in the fields and life in the village. Isolated by his affliction from the society of his fellow-men, he had grown up dumb and powerful, like a tree in fertile

soil.... When he was brought to the town he could not understand what had happened to him, and suffered in dumb amazement, as a healthy young bull, taken from the meadows where he had stood breast high in the succulent grass and put on a railway truck, where his massive body, alternately enveloped in clouds of smoke shot through with sparks, and waves of steam, was borne onwards—and where, God alone knew! The work which Gerasim had to do at his new job was a mere trifle to him after his arduous labours in the fields. He got through his work in half an hour and spent the rest of the day standing in the middle of the yard, gaping at the passers-by, as if hoping to read in their faces the meaning of his puzzling situation, or betook himself to some corner, flung the broom and spade far from him, and threw himself face downwards on the ground where he lay mo-

tionless for hours, like a trapped animal. But you get used to anything, and at last Gerasim got used to town life. He had very little to do—all his duties consisted in keeping the yard clean, bringing a barrel of water twice a day, fetching and chopping wood for the stoves, seeing that strangers did not enter the yard, and keeping watch at night. And it must be admitted that he fulfilled his duties zealously. There was never the slightest litter on the ground in his yard, not so much as a chip. When the wheels of the cart drawn by the wretched hack given him to carry the water-barrel got stuck in dirty weather, he just gave a shove with one shoulder, and horse and cart moved forward. When he chopped wood the axe rang out like glass, and chips and logs flew in all directions. And as for strangers, ever since the night he had caught two thieves and banged their

heads together so violently that it was quite unnecessary to take them to the police-station, everyone in the surrounding streets entertained a profound respect for him. Even in the daytime perfectly harmless people coming to the yard at sight of the formidable yardman waved their arms frantically and shouted, as if he could hear what they said. Gerasim was on good terms with the rest of the household, but his relations with them could scarcely be called friendly—they were afraid of him. But he regarded them as his own people. They communicated with him by signs, and he understood them, obeying all orders implicitly, but at the same time well aware of his own rights, and no one dared to sit in his place at table. Gerasim was a serious man, of strict morals, and liked there to be order in everything. The very cocks were afraid to fight in front of him, knowing that

if he saw them he would seize them by the legs, swing them round and round high in the air, and fling them apart. There were geese as well as hens in the lady's yard, but geese, as is well known, are dignified, sensible birds, and Gerasim respected them, looked after them and fed them. He was himself not unlike a highly respectable gander. A little den over the kitchen was assigned to him, and there he arranged things according to his own taste, and set up a bed made of oaken boards supported on four wooden blocks—a bed for a giant. Over a ton could have been placed on it and it would not have bent. Under the bed was a sturdy trunk. In a corner was a table equally sturdy, and at the table a three-legged stool, so squat and solid that Gerasim himself would sometimes pick it up, throw it down, and chuckle. The door of the den was fastened with a huge padlock and

Gerasim always carried the key on his belt. He did not want people going into his room.

After Gerasim had been a year in the town, he had a little adventure.

The old lady whose yardman he was, a stickler for ancient traditions, kept a huge retinue. In her house were not only laundresses, seamstresses, carpenters, tailors and dressmakers, but even a saddler, who was also a veterinary surgeon and a doctor for the servants; there was a household doctor for the lady herself, and, last but not least, there was a shoemaker, a hopeless drunkard, by the name of Kapiton Klimov. Klimov regarded himself as an injured man whose qualities as an educated townsman, unjustly condemned to live on the outskirts of Moscow, were not duly appreciated, and if he drank, as he himself put it, speaking deliberately and smiting his chest, it was

only to drown his sorrows. And one day the lady of the house mentioned him to Gavrilov, the head-butler, an individual with yellowish eyes and a nose like a duck's beak, features which seemed to mark him out as one destined for a post of authority. The lady deplored the depravity of Kapiton, who had been found dead drunk in the street, only the day before.

"What if we were to marry him off, Gavrilov!" she said suddenly. "What have you to say to that? Perhaps he would settle down."

"You could marry him off, Madam, certainly you could," replied Gavrilov. "It would be a very good thing."

"Yes, but who would marry him?"

"To be sure, Madam! It is for you to say. After all, he may be good for something—he's not much worse than others."

"I have noticed that he is fond of Tatyana."

Gavrilo was about to make some objection, but closed his lips firmly.

"Yes . . . we'll marry him to Tatyana," decided the lady, taking a pinch of snuff with an air of satisfaction. "D'you hear me?"

"Yes, Madam," said Gavrilo and took himself off.

The first thing Gavrilo did on getting back to his own room (it was in the wing and crammed with iron-bound chests) was to send his wife away and seat himself at the window to think. The unexpected order given by his mistress had apparently perplexed him. After thinking some time he got up and sent for Kapiton. Kapiton appeared. But before we retail their conversation to our readers, it will not be amiss to say a few words as to this Tatyana whom Kapiton was to marry and why his mistress's order had confounded the head-butler.

Tatyana, who was one of the laundresses, but so skilled and experienced that she was given only the finest linen to wash, was about twenty-eight years of age, small, thin, flaxen-haired, with moles on her left cheek. A mole on the left cheek is regarded as unlucky in Russia, foretelling an unhappy life. Her lot was not an enviable one. She had led the life of a drudge from her earliest youth, doing the work of two, and never receiving the slightest signs of affection from anyone. She was always poorly dressed, and received a miserable wage; she had practically no relatives, only an old uncle who had once been a butler, and was left behind in the village as useless, and some other uncles who were peasants—no one else. In her time she had been considered a beauty but her looks had very soon abandoned her. She was very meek, not to say intimidated, completely indifferent to

her fate, and mortally afraid of others; she thought of nothing but finishing her work in time, never spoke to anyone, and quaked at the very name of her mistress, though the latter hardly knew her by sight. When Gerasim arrived from the village she nearly died of terror at the sight of his huge figure, and kept out of his way to the best of her ability, lowering her eyes if she happened to run past him on her hurried way from the house to the laundry. At first Gerasim took no notice of her, but later he would laugh whenever he caught sight of her, cast admiring glances at her, and at last followed her everywhere with his eyes. Perhaps it was her meek expression and timid movements that attracted him—who can say! And one day when she was passing through the yard, one of her mistress's starched blouses held carefully between her finger tips, she felt her elbow firmly grasped. She

turned and let out a shriek—behind her stood Gerasim. Smiling foolishly and emitting amiable bleating sounds, he held out to her a ginger-bread cock with gilded tail and wings. He thrust it forcibly into her hand before she could refuse it and left her, with a shake of the head and a final amiable bleat. From that day he gave her no peace—wherever she went there was he, coming to meet her smiling, bleating, waving his hands, suddenly drawing a ribbon from under his shirt and forcing it on her, sweeping away the dust in front of her. The poor girl simply did not know how to behave and what to do. Soon the whole house knew of the antics of the dumb yardman: sneers, taunts, and barbed words were showered upon Tatyana. But it was not everyone who dared to make fun of Gerasim—he did not like jokes, and in his presence Tatyana was left in peace. Whether she liked it or not she

had fallen under his protection. Like all deaf mutes he was very sharp, and he understood very well when people were laughing at either of them. One day Tatyana's taskmistress, the matron, nagged at her till the poor girl did not know what to do, and almost wept with vexation. Suddenly up rose Gerasim, thrust out his vast fist, placed it on the head of the woman, and looked into her face with such grim ferocity that she bent low over the table. No one said a word. Gerasim picked up his spoon again and went on eating his soup. "The dumb devil!" they muttered under their breath, and the woman rose and went into the servants' room. Another time, having noticed that Kapiton, the Kapiton of whom we have just been speaking, was chatting too gallantly to Tatyana, Gerasim beckoned to him, led him to the coach-house, seized a shaft standing in the corner, and threatened him with it,

gently, but very significantly. After this no one dared to hold Tatyana in conversation. True, the matron fainted away as soon as she got into the servants' room, and afterwards managed to bring tidings of Gerasim's violence to the ears of the mistress, but that captious old woman went into fits of laughter, to the extreme indignation of the injured matron, made her repeat how Gerasim had bent her head with his heavy hand, and the next day sent Gerasim a silver ruble. She valued him as a faithful and powerful watchman. Gerasim himself was thoroughly afraid of her, but trusted in her favour and was preparing to go and ask her permission to marry Tatyana. He was only waiting for the new coat the head-butler had promised him, so as to appear before his mistress decently clad, when suddenly the lady took it into her head to marry Tatyana to Kapiton.

The reader will now easily understand the cause of the embarrassment which overcame the head-butler Gavrilov after his talk with the lady of the house. "My mistress," he thought, sitting at his window, "is fond of Gerasim, of course (Gavrilov was well aware of this, and was therefore indulgent to him himself); after all, he's a dumb creature. I can't very well tell the mistress that Gerasim is courting Tatyana. Besides—what sort of a husband would he be? But if that devil finds out that Tatyana is to be married to Kapiton, he'll tear the house down, that he will! You can't reason with him, you see; that devil of a fellow—Lord have mercy on me, miserable sinner that I am—won't listen to reason. . . . He won't, you know. . . ."

The appearance of Kapiton broke the thread of Gavrilov's meditations. The light-minded cobbler came in, his hands clasped

behind his back, and leaned against the wall in a free and easy manner, crossing his right leg over his left, and tossing his head. Here I am, he seemed to say. What d'you want of me?

Gavrilo surveyed Kapiton and drummed on the window-sill with his fingers. Kapiton merely narrowed his leaden eyes, but did not lower them. He actually gave a short laugh, passing his hand through his flaxen locks, which stuck out in all directions. Well, here I am! What are you staring at me for?

"Fine fellow!" said Gavrilo, and after a pause: "Fine fellow, I must say!"

Kapiton only moved his shoulders slightly. "And are *you* any better?" he said to himself.

"Look at yourself—just look at yourself!" continued Gavrilo reproachfully. "Did you ever see such a sight?"

Kapiton cast a tranquil glance at his worn and ragged coat, and patched trousers, a glance which dwelt lingeringly on his broken boots, especially on the tip of the one on which his right foot rested so jauntily, before returning to the butler.

“What about it?”

“What about it?” echoed Gavriilo. “What about it? He asks what about it? You look just like a devil—God forgive me—that’s what you look like.”

Kapiton blinked rapidly.

“Go on, Gavriilo Andreich, curse me!” he said to himself.

“You’ve been drunk again, haven’t you?” resumed Gavriilo. “Drunk again!”

“Owing to the weakness of my health, I did have resort to spirits.”

“The weakness of your health, indeed! You haven’t been punished enough, that’s what it is. And you were apprenticed

in Petersburg.... A lot you learned there! You're not worth the bread you eat!"

"As for that, Gavriilo Andreich, God alone is my judge—and no other. And as for what you say about getting drunk, this time it wasn't I who was to blame, but a friend of mine—he led me astray and left me in the lurch—went away himself, and I...."

"And you stayed in the street, you ass! You're a lost soul, that's what you are! But that's not what I have to say," continued the butler. "Listen to me. The mistress—" here he broke off. "The mistress wants you to marry. D'you hear? She thinks if you married you'd settle down. Understand?"

"I hear you."

"Well, then. In my opinion what you need is for someone to take you in

hand. But it's her business. Well? Do you agree?"

Kapiton bared his teeth in a grin.

"Marriage is good for man, Gavriilo Andreich. And for my part I agree with the greatest pleasure."

"That's all very well," rejoined Gavriilo, thinking to himself: It must be admitted he expresses himself well. "But look here," he continued aloud, "she's found you an unsuitable bride. . . ."

"And who, may I enquire?"

"Tatyana."

"Tatyana!"

And Kapiton blinked and moved away from the wall.

"Well, why do you start? Don't you like her?"

"Of course I like her, Gavriilo Andreich. She's a good girl, a hard-working girl, an obedient girl. . . . But you know very well,

Gavrilo Andreich, that hobgoblin, that scarecrow, is after her—”

“I know, brother, I know all about it,” the butler interrupted him irritably. “But. . . .”

“Why, Gavrilo Andreich, he’ll kill me, he will—he’ll kill me as easily as squashing a fly. He has such a hand—you know yourself what a hand he has. He has a hand like Minin and Pozharsky. He’s deaf, and he strikes, and doesn’t hear himself. As if he were brandishing his fist in his sleep. And there’s no way of shaking him off. And why? You know very well why, Gavrilo Andreich, he’s deaf, and what’s more he’s as stupid as a block of wood. He’s a wild beast, Gavrilo Andreich, he’s a graven image, he’s worse than a graven image. . . . He’s a block of wood! and why should I have to suffer at his hands? I no longer care what happens to me, of course: I’ve

been through so much, I've endured so much, I'm soaked through and through like an old clay pot, but just the same I'm a human being and not just a broken pot."

"I know, I know, don't go on!"

"Dear God!" continued the shoemaker passionately. "When will it all end? When, dear Lord? Poor wretch that I am! It's my fate, my fate . . . only think: when I was just a little boy, in the best days of my life, my master, who was a German, made my own countryman beat me, and now that I have come to ripe years, see what I've come to. . . ."

"You're a weakling," said Gavriilo. "What's the good of going on like this?"

"How can I help it, Gavriilo Andreich? It's not beatings I'm afraid of, Gavriilo Andreich. If my master punishes me when we're alone, I can hold up my head, so long

as he treats me with respect before others, but to be made to suffer from a creature like that—”

“That’ll do—off with you!” exclaimed Gavriló interrupting him impatiently.

Klimov turned and wandered away.

“Well, and but for him would you agree?” the butler called after him.

“I declare my consent,” rejoined Kapitón, and went on his way. Even in emergencies his eloquence did not desert him.

The butler took a few turns up and down the room.

“Well, now for Tatyana!” he said at last.

A few minutes later Tatyana came up almost soundlessly, and stood in the doorway.

“You sent for me, Gavriló Andreich?” she said in her soft voice.

The butler gazed fixedly at her.

"Well," he brought out. "Would you like to get married, Tatyana? The mistress has found you a husband."

"Yes, Gavril Andreich," she said, and added timidly: "What husband she has found for me?"

"Kapiton, the shoemaker."

"Yes, sir."

"He's not a very steady man, I know. But the mistress is relying on you in this case."

"Yes, sir."

"The only trouble is that dumb fellow, Geraska, for he is courting you. And how did you win the love of that bear? He'd kill you, the bear, you know."

"He would, Gavril Andreich. He'll certainly kill me."

"Kill you, would he? We'll see about that. Kill you, you say? What right has he to kill you? Ask yourself that."

"I don't know whether he has a right or not, Gavriilo Andreich."

"You're a funny girl! You haven't promised him anything, did you?"

"What did you say?"

Gavriilo fell silent, thinking to himself: You *are* a meek soul! "Very well, then," he went on. "We'll talk this over again, and now go, Tatyana. I see you're not one to give trouble."

Tatyana turned away, lightly touching the door overhead as she passed out of the room.

"Perhaps by tomorrow the mistress will have forgotten about this marriage," the butler said to himself. "Why should I let it worry me? We'll manage that bully—hand him over to the police if necessary. . . ."

"Ustinya Fyodorovna," he cried to his wife in a loud voice. "Heat up the samovar, my love."

Tatyana scarcely left the laundry that whole day. At first she wept a little, but she soon dried her tears and went on working as before.

Kapiton sat in the tavern till late in the night, with a morose-looking friend to whom he gave a detailed account of his life in Petersburg as the servant of a gentleman—not a bad master, but very particular, and moreover somewhat prone to a certain weakness—he was too fond of drinking, and he never let a woman pass.... The morose friend agreed with everything he said. But when Kapiton finally declared that, owing to certain circumstances, he would be compelled to make away with himself on the morrow, the morose friend remarked that it was getting late. And they parted in surly silence.

In the meantime the butler's expectations were not realized. The idea of Kapiton's marriage took such a hold on the old lady's

mind that she talked of nothing else that night to one of her companions, who was kept in the house exclusively for the purpose of beguiling her mistress's insomnia, and slept during the day like a night-cabman. When Gavriló went to report to her after morning tea her first question was: "And how are the wedding preparations going on?" He, of course, replied that they were going splendidly and that Kapiton would come to pay his respects to her that same day. The mistress did not feel quite well and did not occupy herself with business long. The butler went back to his room and summoned a council. The affair certainly required special consideration. Tatyana, of course, raised no objections, but Kapiton told everyone that he had only one head, not two or three. . . . Gerasim glanced rapidly and morosely at everyone, never leaving the porch of the servants' room, as

if guessing that something was being got up against him. The assembled company (among them was an old servant nicknamed Uncle Khvost, whose advice was always respectfully sought, though it never came to anything but: "Quite so—yes. Yes, yes, yes!") started off by locking up Kapiton in the water-filter closet, for safety's sake, and then gave themselves up to thinking hard. It would have been easy enough to resort to force, of course, but if (which God forbid!) the mistress were to be disturbed there would be a terrible row. What was to be done? They thought and they thought till at last they came to a decision. It had frequently been noticed that Gerasim could not bear drunkards. When sitting at the gate he always turned away indignantly if anyone who had had a drop too much passed with uncertain steps and the peak of his cap over his ear. It was decided to instruct

Tatyana to feign drunkenness and lurch staggering past Gerasim. The poor girl held out for a long time but at last they got round her. Indeed she saw herself that there was no other way of shaking off her adorer. She did as she was told. Kapiton was let out of the closet—after all, the thing concerned him. Gerasim was sitting on his stool at the gate poking at the ground with a spade. . . . They watched him from all the corners, from behind all the window curtains. . . .

The ruse was completely successful. On seeing Tatyana Gerasim at first nodded to her with his usual affectionate bleatings; then he stared, dropped his spade, leaped up, approached her, bringing his face right up to hers. . . . In her fright she staggered still more and closed her eyes. . . . He seized her hand, rushed across the yard, and going into the room with her where the council was sitting, pushed her right up to

Kapiton. Tatyana almost fainted. . . . Gerasim stood for a moment, looking at her, and then with an impatient gesture and a short laugh, stumped heavily out of the room to his own den. He did not leave it for a day and a night. While he was there Antipka the postillion peeped through a chink in the wall, and reported that Gerasim was sitting on the bed with his face propped on the palm of one hand, very quiet and still, only bleating occasionally and singing—that is to say, swaying, closing his eyes and wagging his head like coachmen or bargemen when they drawl out their plaintive songs. Antipka's blood ran cold and he removed his eye from the chink.

When Gerasim came out of his den the next day, no special change could be seen in him. He only seemed more morose than ever and paid not the slightest attention to either Kapiton or Tatyana. That same eve-

ning they went to their mistress, each with a goose tucked under the arm, and in a week's time they were married. On the day of the wedding there was not the slightest alteration in Gerasim's behaviour, except that he came back from the river without any water—he had somehow broken the barrel on the way. And that night in the stable he groomed and scrubbed his horse so conscientiously that the animal swayed like a reed in the wind, shifting from foot to foot beneath his iron fists.

All this took place in the spring. Another year passed, during which Kapiton finally succumbed to drink, and, as an absolutely worthless man, was sent to a remote village with his wife. On the day of his departure he at first maintained a defiant bearing, declaring that wherever they sent him, even if it were to the place where the washerwomen propped their battledores against the

horizon, he would be all right, but later his spirits drooped and he began complaining that he was being sent to live among uneducated folk and at last became so weak that he could not even put on his cap. Some compassionate soul clapped it on over his brow, straightened the peak and banged it down on his head. When all was in readiness and the drivers were gathering up the reins waiting for the words: "God speed!" Gerasim issued from his den, went up to Tatyana, and gave her a red cotton kerchief which he had bought for her a year ago, as a keepsake. Tatyana, who had till this moment endured all the vicissitudes of her life, suddenly gave way, and burst into tears and, before getting into the cart, exchanged three kisses with Gerasim, in the Christian manner. He intended to accompany her to the town-gates, and at first walked beside the cart, but suddenly stopped at the Krim-

sky Ford, waved his hand, and set off along the bank of the river.

Evening was coming on. Gerasim walked slowly, looking at the water, when all of a sudden he thought he noticed something scuffling in the silt at the water's edge. Bending down, he saw a small puppy, white with black spots, vainly endeavouring to scramble out of the water, panting, slipping back, and trembling all over its thin, wet body. Gerasim looked at the unfortunate pup, scooped it up with one hand, thrust it into the front of his shirt and strode home. When he got to his tiny room he put the newly rescued pup on the bed, covered it with his heavy coat, and ran, first to the stable for straw, and then to the kitchen for a cup of milk. Cautiously turning back the coat and spreading the straw beneath it, he placed the cup of milk on the bed. The unfortunate little creature was only three

weeks old, and its eyes had only just opened, one still looking a little bigger than the other. It could not yet drink from a cup and only trembled and blinked. Gerasim took its head gently with two fingers and pushed its nose into the milk. Suddenly the little dog began to lap greedily, snorting, trembling and choking. Gerasim sat looking at it and all of a sudden burst out laughing. . . . He tended it the whole night, wrapping it up and rubbing it, and at last fell into a gentle, vaguely happy sleep at its side.

No mother ever tended her infant as Gerasim tended his new charge. The dog turned out to be a bitch. At first it was very weak, puny and ugly, but at last it began to mend and to improve in appearance, until, eight months later, thanks to the untiring care of its deliverer, it grew into a handsome dog of the "Spanish breed," with long ears, a bushy tail, and great,

expressive eyes. It was passionately attached to Gerasim, never leaving his side for a moment, and following him about wagging its tail. He gave it a name—dumb people know that they can attract attention with their bleatings—he called it Mumu. All the servants grew fond of it and called it Mumu, too. It was extremely intelligent, would go to anyone, but loved no one but Gerasim. As for Gerasim, he adored it . . . and he did not like anyone to pat it. Whether he was afraid for the dog, or simply jealous, God alone knows. Mumu waked him every morning, tugging at his coat, led the old water-barrel horse, with whom she lived on terms of the greatest friendship, up to him by the bridle, trotted beside him to the river with an expression of the utmost importance, watched over his brooms and spades, and let nobody come near his den. He cut a hole in

the door for her special use, and she, evidently feeling that she was complete mistress nowhere but in Gerasim's den, jumped on to the bed as soon as she entered, with a satisfied air. She stayed awake all night long, but she was not one to bark for nothing, like a silly cur which sits up on its hind legs and raises its muzzle, blinking and barking at the stars from sheer boredom, and usually three times running. No! Mumu's shrill voice was never lifted for nothing—only when a stranger passed close by the fence, or a suspicious noise or rustle came from somewhere or other.... In a word, she was a splendid watchdog. True, there was another dog in the yard as well, an old yellow dog with brown spots, by the name of Volchok, but he was never let off the chain at night, and was now so feeble that he no longer demanded liberty, but lay curled up in his kennel, only giving an oc-

casional, almost inaudible hoarse bark, and stopping immediately as if aware of his uselessness. Mumu never went into the big house, and when Gerasim took wood into the rooms, always stayed behind, waiting for him impatiently on the steps, her ears cocked, turning her head from left to right at the slightest sound from inside....

Another year passed. Gerasim went on working as a yardman and seemed quite content with his lot when suddenly an extraordinary event occurred. This is what happened: one fine summer day the mistress, surrounded by her companions, was pacing up and down her drawing-room. She was in high spirits, laughing and joking; and her companions laughed and joked with her, though their mood was none too joyous; the inmates did not care for those sudden spurts of good humour in their mistress, in the first place she invariably de-

manded instantaneous and absolute sympathy from all round, and would be angry if she saw a face not radiant with joy, and in the second place, these fits of cheerfulness were usually of brief duration and were succeeded by a grim, querulous mood. The day had begun auspiciously for her; four knaves had turned up (she consulted the cards every morning) which meant fulfilment of wishes, and she had thought the tea particularly nice, for which the maid received praise in words and a ten-kopek piece in money. And so, walking about her drawing-room, a pleased smile on her withered lips, the mistress came up to the window. There was a garden laid out beneath the window, and on the middle bed, under a rose bush, lay Mumu, gnawing industriously at a bone. The mistress saw her.

“Goodness gracious!” she exclaimed. “What dog is that?”

The companion, poor soul, to whom her mistress addressed this enquiry, was all of a flutter, seized by the anxiety of a subordinate not quite sure how to take the ejaculation of his superior.

"I—d-d-on't know," she muttered. "I think it belongs to the deaf yardman."

"Why, it's a sweet little doggie!" interrupted her mistress. "Tell them to bring it here. Has he had it long? How is it I never saw it before? Tell them to bring it here."

The companion instantly flew into the passage.

"Hi, there!" she shouted. "Bring Mumu here at once! She's in the garden."

"So they call it Mumu, do they?" said the mistress. "A very good name."

"A very good name," the companion chimed in. "Hurry up, Stepan!"

Stepan, a great strong fellow employed as a footman, rushed headlong into the gar-

den and fell upon Mumu; the dog, adroitly escaping his grasp, ran with all its might to Gerasim, who was at that moment emptying a barrel, turning it in his hands as if it were no heavier than a child's drum. Stepan ran after the dog and tried to capture it as she pressed against its master's shins; but the nimble little creature would not let a stranger get hold of it, and slipped through his hands with many a leap. Gerasim looked on with a smile; at last Stepan straightened himself with an air of vexation, and explained hastily, by means of signs, that the mistress wished the dog to be brought to her. Gerasim, somewhat surprised, nevertheless called Mumu, picked her up and handed her over to Stepan. Stepan carried her into the drawing-room and placed her on the parquet floor. The mistress began calling Mumu to her in a kindly voice. Mumu, finding herself for the first time in such mag-

nificent surroundings, rushed in terror to the door, and when pushed back by the officious Stepan, squeezed herself, trembling, against the wall.

“Mumu, Mumu, come here, Mumu, won’t you come to your mistress?” the lady of the house entreated. “Come on, little silly, don’t be afraid!”

“Go to the mistress, Mumu, go!” urged the lady-companions. “Go, now!”

But Mumu only looked round despairingly, and refused to budge.

“Bring her something to eat,” said the mistress. “What a silly dog! Won’t go to her mistress! What is she afraid of?”

“She’s not used to you, yet,” one of the companions said in dulcet accents.

Stepan brought in a saucer of milk and set it before Mumu, but Mumu would not so much as sniff at it and kept trembling and looking anxiously behind her.

“Funny little thing!” said the mistress, approaching her. She stooped to stroke the dog, but Mumu turned sharply, baring her teeth. The old lady quickly drew her hand back.

A moment of silence ensued. Mumu uttered a low whine, as if at once complaining and apologizing. . . . The old lady moved away, frowning. The dog’s sudden movement had frightened her.

“Oh!” cried the companions in one voice. “She didn’t bite Madam, did she? Goodness gracious!” (Mumu had never bitten anyone in her life.) “Oh, oh!”

“Take it away!” the old woman said in an unsteady voice. “Nasty, bad-tempered little thing!”

And turning slowly she moved towards her study. The companions, exchanging timid glances, were about to follow her, but she stopped, and, regarding them

coldly, said: "What's that for? I didn't call you, did I?" And she walked out of the room.

The companions waved their arms at Stepan; he picked Mumu up, and flung her outside, right at the feet of the waiting Gerasim. Half an hour later profound silence reigned throughout the house and the old lady sat on her sofa, darker than a storm cloud. . . .

When one comes to think of it, how very trifling are the things that are sometimes capable of upsetting one!

The mistress was moody for the rest of the day, would speak to no one, would not play cards and slept badly when she went to bed. She took it into her head that the eau-de-Cologne they gave her was not what she was in the habit of using, that her pillow smelt of soap—she even made the matron sniff at all the linen, in a word she was

upset and "heated." Next morning she summoned Gavriilo earlier than usual.

"Kindly inform me," she began, when the head-butler, not without a certain inward trepidation, stepped into her study, "what dog was it barking all night in our yard? It kept me awake!"

"Dog? What dog?... Do you mean the dumb man's dog?" he said in a shaking voice.

"I don't know whether it belongs to the dumb man, or any one else, all I know is that it kept me awake. And I don't see what we want with so many dogs! We have a watchdog, haven't we?"

"Oh, yes, Volchok."

"Well, then, what do we want another for? It only makes for disorder. You have no master over you in the house, that's what it is. And why should the dumb man want a dog? Who told him he could keep dogs

on my premises? I looked out of the window yesterday and saw it lying in the garden, gnawing at some abomination it had brought there, right where my roses are planted—”

The old lady paused for a moment.

“It must go this very day—do you hear me?”

“Yes, Madam.”

“This very day! Now, go! I’ll hear your report later.”

Gavrilo walked out.

As he passed through the drawing-room, the butler picked up the hand-bell from a table, put it on another, “for the sake of order,” and blew his beak-like nose discreetly before stepping into the passage. Stepan lay asleep on the window-sill in the pose of a slain warrior in a battle-piece, his bare feet protruding stiffly from beneath the coat serving him as a blanket. The butler shook him and gave him an order in a

low voice, on hearing which Stepan replied with a short laugh smothered by a yawn. When the butler passed on, Stepan leaped to his feet, pulled on his coat and boots, and went to the top of the steps leading to the yard. Five minutes had not elapsed before Gerasim appeared with a huge load of wood on his back and the faithful Mumu at his heels. (The old lady made her servants heat her bedroom and study even during the summer months.) Standing sideways at the door, Gerasim pushed it open with his shoulder and stumbled in with his burden, Mumu waiting for him outside as usual. Choosing the right moment, Stepan swooped down upon her like a kite swooping down upon a chicken, gathered her up in his arms and, running out into the street without stopping to put on his cap, leaped into the first cab which came his way and drove off at a gallop to Okhotny Ryad. He

soon found a customer, to whom he sold the dog for half a ruble, merely stipulating that it was to be kept tied up for at least a week. Then he went back. He got off the cab, however, before he reached the house, walked round it by a lane at the back, and climbed over the fence into the yard; he did not dare to go in by the gate for fear of meeting Gerasim.

But he need not have been afraid: Gerasim was no longer to be seen in the yard. The moment he came out of the house, Gerasim discovered Mumu's disappearance; it had never happened before that Mumu was not waiting for him; he ran all over the place looking for her, calling to her in his peculiar fashion. . . . He looked into his den, into the hayloft, ran out into the street, looking everywhere. . . . She was lost! He asked the servants about her with desperate gestures, stooping down and holding his

hand half a foot above the ground, describing her form with his hands. . . . Some really did not know what had happened to Mumu, and merely shook their heads, others knew, but only chuckled for all reply, while the butler assumed a dignified air and fell to scolding the grooms. Then Gerasim rushed out of the yard.

Dusk was falling when he returned. His haggard look, weary step, and dusty clothes all showed that he had been through half the streets in Moscow. Stopping in front of the mistress's windows, with a glance towards the porch, where six or seven of the servants were crowding, he turned his face away, grunting out once more: "Mumu." Mumu did not answer his call. He walked away. Everyone looked after him, but no one either smiled or spoke. . . . The next morning the inquisitive Antipka was telling

them in the kitchen that the dumb man had groaned all night long.

Gerasim did not leave his room the next day, and Potap the groom was obliged to fetch the water, a task he greatly resented. The old lady asked Gavriilo if her orders had been obeyed. Gavriilo told her that they had. The day after, Gerasim came out of his den and set to work. At dinner-time he came to the table, ate his dinner and went without bowing to any one. His face, always lifeless, as the faces of the deaf and dumb usually are, was now like a mask of stone. After dinner he went out again, but soon returned and went into the hayloft. Night came, serene and moon-lit. While he was tossing on the hay, sighing profoundly, Gerasim suddenly felt something tugging at his coat; he shook all over, but did not raise his head, only screwed up his eyes the tighter, till he felt another and more ener-

getic tug; he jumped up, and there was Mumu, leaping and wagging her tail, a length of rope dangling from her collar. A long-drawn moan of joy came from the depth of Gerasim's inarticulate breast; he caught Mumu in his arms, and held her tight; the next moment she was licking his nose, his eyes, his moustache, his beard. . . . Standing still for a few minutes to collect his thoughts, Gerasim slipped noiselessly off the hay, and after making sure there was no one watching him reached his den in safety. He had already guessed that the dog could not have got lost, and that she must have been taken away on the mistress's orders; the servants had explained to him by signs how Mumu had snarled at her, and so he made up his mind to take precautions. First he gave her bread to eat, caressed her and put her to sleep, and then began to think, and spent the whole night wondering

how best to conceal her. At last he decided to leave her in his den in the daytime, paying her occasional visits, and taking her out at night. He stopped up the hole in the door with an old coat, and as soon as it was morning he was out in the yard as if nothing had changed, still preserving (the cunning of the simple-hearted!) the same dismal expression on his face. The idea that Mumu might betray herself by her squeals never so much as crossed the mind of the unfortunate deaf man. Indeed, very soon all the domestics were aware the dumb man's dog was back, and was being kept locked up in his den; but, partly out of pity both for dog and master, partly out of fear of the latter, no one let him see that his secret was discovered. Only the butler scratched the back of his head, and gave a gesture which seemed to mean: "Well, never mind—so long as the mistress doesn't find out!"

The dumb man had never worked with greater zeal than on that day: he cleaned out and scraped the whole yard, weeded the grass, pulled out with his own hands every one of the palings in the low fence round the garden, to test their strength, and then hammered each one back in its place, in fact he fussed and bustled about so much that the mistress herself noticed his zeal. Once or twice during the day Gerasim managed to slip in to see his captive; and in the evening he lay down to sleep beside her, not in the hayloft, but in his den, and only after one o'clock in the night ventured to take her out for a breath of air. Just as he was about to return after quite a long stroll, there came a rustling sound from the lane, close to the fence. Mumu pricked up her ears, growled, trotted up to the fence, sniffed at it and burst into loud, shrill barking. Some drunken fellow had taken it into his

head to snuggle against the fence for the night. And it was just then that the mistress was falling to sleep after a prolonged attack of "nervous agitation"—she always had those attacks after a too hearty supper. The sudden barking roused her; her heart gave a leap, and then seemed to stop. "Girls, girls," she moaned. "Oh, girls!" The terrified maids rushed into her bedroom. "Oh, oh, I'm dying!" she said, flinging out her arms despairingly. "It's that dog again!... Send for the doctor, do! They want to kill me.... That dog, that dog!... Oh!" and she threw her head back, to show that she was fainting. The doctor, that is the household physician, Khariton, was summoned. This doctor, whose entire skill consisted in wearing felt-soled boots and in the ability to feel the patient's pulse very delicately, slept fourteen hours a day, dividing the rest of his time between sigh-

ing and continually administering laurel drops to his mistress. This doctor came running to her bedside at once, burned a bunch of feathers in the room, and as soon as the mistress opened her eyes, offered her the sacred laurel drop in a small tumbler on a silver tray. The mistress swallowed the medicine, and began complaining tearfully of the dog, of Gavriilo, of her lot, complaining that she was deserted by everyone in her old age, that no one had any compassion for her, that they all longed for her to die. In the meanwhile the unfortunate Mumu went on barking, Gerasim vainly striving to get her away from the fence. "There it is again . . . again," moaned the mistress, and once more rolled up her eyes. The doctor whispered to one of the girls, the girl rushed out into the hall to wake Stepan, Stepan rushed to rouse Gavriilo, who, in the heat of the moment, ordered the en-

tire household to be aroused from its slumbers.

Gerasim, turning, saw lights and shadows fluttering across the windows and, feeling intuitively that disaster was impending, snatched up Mumu, and ran with her under his arm, into his den, where he locked the door. A few moments later five men tried to force the door, but feeling the resistance of the bolt, desisted. Gavriilo ran up to them in a distracted state, ordered them all to stay there till morning, and guard the door; then he ran back to the servants' room and sent word to the mistress, through Lyubov Lyubimovna, the old lady's senior companion, and Gavriilo's confederate in the appropriation and subsequent stock-taking of tea, sugar and other provisions, that the dog had, unfortunately, come back, but that it would be put to death the next day, and begging the mistress not to be angered,

and to calm herself. The mistress would probably not have calmed herself nearly so soon if the doctor, in his haste, had not poured out forty, instead of twelve, drops of laurel water; the medicine took effect, and in a quarter of an hour the mistress was in a profound, relaxed slumber. And Gerasim, pale as death, lay on his bed, holding Mumu's muzzle tight.

The mistress opened her eyes quite late the next morning. Gavriilo waited for her to wake before giving orders for a decisive attack on Gerasim's stronghold, while he prepared himself to weather a violent storm. But there was no storm. The mistress summoned her senior companion to her bedside.

"Lyubov Lyubimovna," she began in a low, weak voice: it suited her sometimes to pose as a poor, ill-treated martyr; it goes without saying that everyone about the

house felt exceedingly uncomfortable at such times. "Lyubov Lyubimovna, you see the state I have been reduced to; go to Gavriilo Andreich, my dear, and speak to him: is it possible that some wretched dog is more to him than his mistress's peace of mind, nay, than her very life? It would grieve me to think so," she added in tones of deep feeling, "go, my dear, there's an angel, go and speak to Gavriilo Andreich."

Lyubov Lyubimovna betook herself to Gavriilo's room. What exactly they spoke about remains unknown, but in a very short time a whole crowd of domestics was seen moving across the yard in the direction of Gerasim's den; Gavriilo headed the procession, holding his cap on, although there was no wind; after him came the footmen and chefs, Uncle Khvost looked out of the window, issuing orders, that is to say, simply waving his arms about; the procession was

brought up by gambolling, grimacing urchins, most of whom did not belong to the house at all. On the steps of the narrow staircase, leading to Gerasim's room, sat one of the watchmen, the two others, armed with sticks, guarding the door. The group ascended the stairs, occupying it from top to bottom. Gavriilo approached the door, thumping on it with his fist and shouting:

“Open the door!”

There was a stifled bark, but no other answer.

“Open the door, I tell you!”

“Why, Gavriilo Andreich,” said Stepan from the bottom step, “he’s deaf—he can’t hear you.”

Everyone laughed.

“Well, what are we to do?” asked Gavriilo from the landing.

“There’s a hole in the door there,” an-

swered Stepan, "poke a stick into it, and wriggle it about."

Gavrilo stooped down.

"He's stuffed his coat or something in it."

"Just push it in, that's all."

Again there came a hollow bark.

"There she goes, telling on herself," someone from the crowd said, and everyone laughed again.

Gavrilo scratched behind his ear.

"No, brother," he said at last, "go and push the coat in yourself, if you like."

"I don't mind!"

Clambering up the stairs, Stepan seized the stick, pushed the coat in, and began moving the end of the stick in the hole, muttering the while:

"Come out, come out!"

He was still wagging the stick, when the door was suddenly flung open, sending them

all tumbling down the steps, Gavriilo first of all. Uncle Khvost slammed his window too.

“Come on, now!” shouted Gavriilo from the yard. “Mind what you’re about!”

Gerasim stood motionless on the threshold. The crowd gathered at the foot of the stairs. Gerasim, his arms lightly akimbo, looked down on all those puny men in their coats of German cut; standing there in his crimson peasant blouse he seemed a giant facing them. Gavriilo stepped forward.

“Mind what you’re about, brother,” he said. “I won’t have any nonsense!”

Then he proceeded to explain by signs that the mistress demanded Gerasim’s dog immediately, and that there would be trouble if he did not comply with her orders.

Gerasim looked at him, pointed at the dog, drew his finger across his throat, as if

tightening a knot, and then looked enquiringly at the butler.

"Yes, yes," the latter answered, nodding vigorously. "That's it."

Gerasim lowered his eyes, gave himself a shake, pointed once more at Mumu, standing beside him all the time, innocently wagging her tail, her ears cocked inquisitively. He then repeated the sign of throttling round his neck, and thumped his chest significantly, as if declaring that he undertook to destroy Mumu himself.

"You'll cheat!" Gavriilo signalled back.

Gerasim shot him one look, smiled scornfully, thumped his chest once more, and closed the door.

The servants exchanged glances in silence.

"What does he mean?" Gavriilo began. "Now he's locked himself up again!"

"Leave him alone, Gavriilo Andreich,"

said Stepan. "He'll be as good as his word. That's the way he's made. . . . When he gives his word, he keeps it. He's not like us. And that's a God's truth. It is."

"It is," the others echoed, tossing their heads. "That's true. It is."

Uncle Khvost threw the window open, and said:

"It is."

"Well, well, we'll see," said Gavriilo. "But we'll keep a watch over him, all the same. Hi, there, Yeroshka!" he shouted, addressing himself to a pale-visaged fellow dressed in a brown full-skirted nankeen coat, who was supposed to be a gardener. "You have nothing to do, anyhow! Get a stick and sit here, and if anything happens, run for me at once!"

Taking a stick, Yeroshka planted himself on the bottom step. The crowd dispersed, only a few idlers and boys remaining, while

Gavrilo went home and sent a message through Lyubov Lyubimovna to his mistress that her orders have been fulfilled; to be on the safe side he sent the postillion for a policeman. The mistress tied her handkerchief in a knot, poured some eau-de-Cologne upon it, sniffed it, rubbed her temples with it, drank her tea, and, still under the influence of the laurel drops, fell asleep again.

An hour after the tumult had died down, the door of Gerasim's den opened, and he appeared. He had on his best coat and led Mumu out on a string. Yeroshka made way for him. Gerasim walked towards the gate. The boys and all those who happened to be in the yard looked after him in silence. He did not once look back, and only put his cap on after he was in the street. Gavrilo sent Yeroshka after him to watch him. From a distance Yeroshka saw him go into a

tavern with the dog, and waited for him to come out.

They knew Gerasim at the tavern, and understood his signs. He ordered cabbage-soup with meat, and sat leaning his arms on the table. Mumu stood by his chair, looking serenely at him out of her intelligent eyes. Her coat was smooth and glossy: it had obviously been just combed. The soup was placed before Gerasim. He crumbled some bread into it, chopped the meat up small and put the plate down on the floor. Mumu began eating with her usual refinement, her muzzle hardly touching the food. Gerasim watched her all the time, and two heavy tears suddenly rolled down his cheeks: one fell on the little dog's round head, the other into the soup. He put his hand up to his face. After eating half a plateful, Mumu moved away, licking her chops. Gerasim rose, paid for the soup

and went out, followed by the astonished stare of the waiter. Catching sight of Gerasim, Yeroshka stepped behind the corner to let him pass, and then followed him.

Gerasim walked on with unhurried steps, leading Mumu by the string. When he reached the corner of the street he stopped for a moment as if trying to make up his mind, then strode rapidly towards the Krymsky Ford. On the way he turned into a house where a new wing was in process of being built, and came out again, carrying two bricks under his arm. From the Krymsky Ford he turned and walked along the bank of the river till he came to a place where there were two rowing boats with the oars fastened to pegs—he had noticed them before—and jumped into one of them, taking Mumu with him. A lame old man came out of a shelter set in the corner of a vege-

table-plot and shouted to him. But Gerasim merely nodded and bent over the oars with such vigour that in no time, though he was rowing against the current, he had propelled the boat over two hundred yards up the river. The old man lingered for a while, scratched his back, first with his left hand, then with his right, and hobbled back to his tent.

Gerasim rowed on and on. He was clear of the town by now. Fields, meadows, vegetable gardens, copses, and cottages appeared on the banks. The surroundings got more and more countrified. Releasing the oars and letting his face sink on to the head of Mumu, perched on the dry seat opposite him—there was water in the bottom of the boat—he remained motionless, his powerful hands crossed over the dog's back, while the current gently carried the boat back in the direction of the town. At last Gerasim

straightened his back, hurriedly, with a grimace of frenzied bitterness, tied a piece of string round the two bricks, made a loop in it, placed it round Mumu's neck, lifted her in the air, and gazed at her for the last time. . . . She looked back at him, trusting and fearless, wagging her tail slightly. Turning his face away and tightly closing his eyes, he released his grip. . . . Gerasim heard nothing, neither the short whine made by Mumu as she fell, nor the heavy splash as she touched the water; to him the noisiest day was still and soundless, stiller than the calmest night is for us; when he opened his eyes again, the little waves were still scurrying over the surface of the river as if chasing one another, still splashing and knocking against the side of the boat, and only, far behind him, near the bank there was a spot from which the water was receding in ever widening circles.

Yeroshka, as soon as he lost sight of Gerasim, went home and told of all he had seen.

“Oh, yes,” said Stepan, “he’ll drown her all right. You may be sure of that. If he promised. . . .”

No one saw Gerasim that day. He did not appear at dinner. And in the evening, when everyone had come to the supper table, Gerasim was not there.

“I do think he’s a funny fellow, that Gerasim,” said the fat washerwoman. “To be so upset about a dog! Really!”

“But I saw him here!” Stepan exclaimed, scooping up gruel with his spoon.

“Did you? When?”

“Why, just an hour or two ago. Of course I did. I met him at the gate, he was going out into the street again. I wanted to ask him about the dog, but he seemed to be in a bad humour. He gave me such a push! He

just meant to push me out of his way, I suppose, but he made such a dig at me—oh my!—right in the backbone, too!” Stepan gave an involuntary chuckle, and rubbed the back of his head. “Oh, my!” he added, “his hands are very strong, that they are.”

Everyone laughed at Stepan’s discomfiture, and then, the company, having supped, dispersed for the night.

And at that very moment a giant with a sack on his back and a stick in his hand could be seen walking resolutely, never stopping, along the T. highroad. It was Gerasim. He was hurrying on, hurrying with all his might, towards his village, his birth-place. After drowning poor Mumu, he had run back to his den, hastily put his things together, wrapped them in an old horse-cloth, slung the bundle over his shoulder, and vanished. He had taken careful note of the way when he was brought to Moscow;

the village from which his mistress had summoned him lay some twenty-five versts off the highroad. He walked on with a kind of indomitable courage, with a desperate and at the same time joyful determination. He walked on, his shirt wide open at his chest, his eyes gazing intently and eagerly in front of him. He hastened on, as if he had an aged mother waiting for him at home, beckoning to him back from travels in strange lands, among strange people. The summer night had just fallen, warm and mild; on one side, where the sun had set, the sky over the earth's rim was still light, faintly flushed with the last reflections of the departing day, on the other, gathered the blue-grey dusk. Night was approaching from over there. The quails—there were hundreds of them—were making a terrific din, the landrails were calling to one another incessantly.... Gerasim

could not hear them, he could not hear the gentle nocturnal whispering of the trees, as his strong legs carried him past them; but he felt the familiar smell of the ripening rye wafted from the dark fields, he felt the wind blowing against him, the wind of his birthplace caressing his face, playing in his hair and beard; he saw the pale road stretching ahead, the road home, straight as an arrow; he saw the countless stars lighting his way, and stepped out like a lion, powerfully and cheerfully, and when the moist red rays of the rising sun lighted up the stalwart wayfarer, there were thirty-five versts between him and Moscow. . . .

In two days he was home, in his own hut, much to the surprise of a soldier's wife who had been put in the house in his absence. After saying his prayers before the ikons, he went to see the village elder. The latter was somewhat astonished; but it was hay-

making time and since Gerasim was known to be a splendid worker, a scythe was put into his hands immediately; and he started mowing in his old-fashioned way, in a way that made the peasants watch with amazement, as the scythe rose and fell in his hands....

The day after Gerasim's flight, he was missed in Moscow. They went to his room, searched it, and reported to Gavriilo. The latter went up, too, looked around, shrugged his shoulders and decided that the dumb man had either run away, or drowned himself with that stupid dog of his. The police were notified, and the mistress informed. The mistress flew into a rage, burst into tears, gave orders to find him at all costs, assured everyone that she had never ordered the dog to be destroyed, ending by giving Gavriilo such a scolding that he could only shake his head and ejaculate:

“Well!” for the rest of the day; till Uncle Khvost brought him to reason by saying “Well!” to him. At last the news of Gerasim’s safe arrival at the village reached Moscow. The mistress calmed down; in the heat of the moment she ordered Gerasim to be brought back to Moscow; the next moment, however, she revoked her order, saying that she had no use for such an ungrateful creature. Very soon she died, and her heirs were much too busy to think about Gerasim; they even let all the rest of their mother’s domestic serfs go on quit-rent.

And Gerasim still lives all by himself in his lonely hut; still robust and powerful, he does the work of four, and is as staid and dignified as ever. The neighbours, however, have observed that since his return from Moscow, he will have nothing to do with women, never so much as looks at

them, and never keeps a dog. "It's just as well," the peasants say among themselves, "if he can do without women, all the better for him; and what should he want a dog for? You could not drag a thief into his yard by force!"

Such is the fame of the dumb man's wonderful strength.



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"Turgenev did not merely dwell on the hard lot of the peasantry in "Mumu," he did not shrink from glancing into the stuffy humble chamber of a house-serf.

He depicted the life of this 'Uncle Tom' with such skill that he was actually able to evade a double censorship and yet to make us shudder with rage over the description of such terrible, inhuman sufferings. . . ."

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